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E MASQUE



PROSERPINE

WALLA WALLA · WASHINGTON

**A PAGEANT
- OF MAY -
By PORTER GARNETT**

FRIDAY & SATURDAY · MAY 22-23, 1914

THE REV



PG

- OF MAY

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE WOMAN'S PARK CLUB
PRICE 25 CENTS

A PAGEANT OF MAY

- I. THE MASQUE OF PROSERPINE
- II. THE REVELS OF MAY

By
Porter Garnett

Produced by the Author in City Park, Walla Walla,
Washington, Friday and Saturday,
May 22 and 23, 1914

Under the Auspices of
THE WOMAN'S PARK CLUB
Walla Walla, Washington

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1914
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WALLA WALLA UNION
WALLA WALLA

TO THE WOMEN OF
THE WOMAN'S PARK CLUB
WHOSE
CIVIC PRIDE
AND
CONSTRUCTIVE IDEALISM
HAVE ENABLED THEM
TO DARE AND TO ACHIEVE

FOREWORD

The history of "A Pageant of May" is briefly told. In November, 1913, the Woman's Park Club, which, in 1911, inaugurated an annual May Festival, conceived the idea of holding a pageant in our city.

Correspondence with the American Pageant Association led to the inviting of Mr. Porter Garnett of Berkeley, California (one of the directors of the association), to come to Walla Walla for a conference. Mr. Garnett arrived on March 26th. On the 30th, having in the meantime selected City Park as the most suitable site, he submitted the outline of "A Pageant of May." It was officially approved on March 31st, and the work of preparation was begun.

Since the construction of a pageant is usually a matter of many months it seems proper, in this case, to call attention to the fact that within a period of seven weeks Mr. Garnett has written the text of "A Pageant of May," designed the costumes and properties, invented the dances, selected the music and rehearsed a cast of over three hundred.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the assistance of the Commercial Club and of the many citizens of Walla Walla who have given so generously of their time and talent, insuring the success of the "introduction of pageantry in the Northwest."

GRACE G. ISAACS

MABEL BAKER ANDERSON,

LYDIA P. SUTHERLAND

MARY SHIPMAN PENROSE

MARIE A. CATRON

*Executive Committee for the Pageant,
Woman's Park Club.*

INTRODUCTION

Although May festivals are held in almost every community, it is in the agricultural community, such as this of Walla Walla with its vicinage of fertile acres, that the celebration of spring—the season of renewal—is most appropriate.

A Pageant of May is a May festival and something more. In it, instead of restricting the ceremonies of the more or less hacknied forms, an effort has been made to utilize the traditional material and to import into it certain elements of freshness and fancy.

The intention has been not so much to give an exhibition as to afford the community an opportunity for self-expression. The real purpose of the pageant is to remind the people of Walla Walla that since they owe their existence to the soil, spring should be for them a season of sincere and spontaneous rejoicing. It should not be necessary to cajole them into celebrating this season which brings in bud and blossom an earnest of the harvest to come. They should not only be willing but eager to make merry on the Green and to dance around the May-poles. They should remember that the earth which gives them sustenance is not their servant but their mistress and that without her generous gifts they would be poor indeed. A Pageant of May offers them an opportunity to pay their homage to Earth the Giver whom the Greeks personified and worshipped as the goddess Demeter (Ceres).

In the Masque of Proserpine, which forms the first part of the pageant, the return of spring is treated symbolically. The myth upon which the masque is built has, on account of its peculiar appropriateness, been used at various times and in various ways to celebrate the season of rebirth, but the present adaptation with its free use of comedy is entirely original. It has been necessary, of course, to take many liberties with the accepted versions, notably the excision of that part of the myth which deals with Ceres' wanderings

in search of Proserpine. Those who may be desirous of reading the myth in its most charming form are referred to the translation of an Homeric hymn which Walter Pater incorporated in his essay, *Demeter and Persephone*, contained in his volume *The Greek Spirit*.

The second part of the pageant is based upon the traditional English May Day celebrations. The traditions, however, are by no means strictly followed for there seems to be no justification for a rigid adherence in America to customs which are essentially English. I have used Robin Hood and his Merrie Men because, through literature, they have been made the heritage of all English-speaking people; I have, however, omitted the Morris-dance because, in America, it has no significance whatever.

Since it is hoped that the pageant will be interpreted throughout in a spirit of gaiety; since the participants will be expected to forget (as far as possible) that there are any spectators, the spontaneity which is difficult to attain rather than the expertness which is comparatively easy will be looked for in the May-pole and other dances. To Mrs. E. R. Ormsbee's able direction is due whatever measure of success may be achieved in this regard. The Dance of the Seeds and the Dance of the Fruits and Flowers owe the charm of their form and detail to the inventive fancy and skill of Miss Rachel Drum.

In both the Masque and the Revels realism has been scrupulously avoided because in the author's opinion realism on the stage is inartistic and futile. There is no reason why a pageant—whether of the historical or festival type—should not be consistently expressed in terms of beauty.

To this end the masque feature has been employed as affording the best possible means by which the note of beauty may be introduced. I believe that the introduction of the masque feature in all pageants, by increasing the gap which already exists between formal and creative pageantry and the familiar tawdriness of the street-fair and carnival, would do more to raise the standard of pageantry than any other single thing.

The text of *A Pageant of May* has been reduced to the simplest possible terms. It contains no more lines than were necessary to unfold the plot and deliver the message. The lines, moreover, have been uniformly written with the fact in view that they were to be delivered and delivered in the open air. Syllables that open the mouth have been

more important therefore than poetic embellishments. As far as possible pantomime has been used to reveal the story. A Pageant of May is not intended for closet reading, and if the reader who did not see its realization in action on the four-acre stage in Walla Walla's city park finds it somewhat jejune he is asked to bear that fact in mind.

I cannot leave unexpressed my grateful acknowledgements to the members of the Costume Committee who have worked most efficiently under the direction of Mrs. A. J. Gillis, the designing of the children's costumes being admirably done by Miss Helen Burr and Mrs. W. E. Most. To the chairmen and members of the other committees, and to the organizers and chaperones of the various groups I am indebted for the invaluable assistance which they have rendered. Finally, I would take this opportunity to express my gratitude to the women of the Executive Committee who, putting aside every consideration of personal convenience, have labored indefatigably for the success of the pageant and the benefit of the community.

P. G.

Walla Walla, Washington.
May 14, 1914.

PLAN OF THE MUSIC

1. PRELUDE. "An den Fruehling" (Grieg).
2. INCIDENTAL. Adagietto from "L'Arlesienne" (Bizet).
3. DANCE OF THE COMPANIONS OF PROSERPINE. Valse Lente from "Coppelia" (Delibes).
4. DANCE OF THE SEEDS. Norwegian Dance, No. 3 (Grieg).
5. SOLO. "The Song of Proserpine." (Proserpine). Specially composed by Elias Blum.
6. MARCH OF THE GODS OF OLYMPUS. "Festival Procession" (Jensen).
7. HYMN OF JOY. (Companions of Proserpine). Chorus from "Demascus," (Costa).
8. SOLO AND CHORUS. (Proserpine and Companions). Same as No. 5.
9. DANCE OF THE FRUITS AND FLOWERS. "Amaryllis" (Old French).
10. MARCH OF THE GODS OF OLYMPUS. (Recessional). Same as No. 6.
11. INTERLUDE. Berceuse (Karganoff).
12. CHORUS. (Villagers). Unaccompanied. "March and Song of the May Queen" (West).
13. CHORUS. (Villagers). "Give to our Layde, Our Ladye of May" (West).
14. DANCE OF THE VILLAGERS. (Selected).
15. SOLO AND CHORUS. (Robin Hood and Archers). "Ballad of Robin Hood" (West).
16. DANCE OF THE MILKMAIDS AND ARCHERS. Rigaudon from Holberg Suite (Grieg).
17. MARCH OF THE MAY-POLES. "Swedish Wedding March" (Soedeman).
18. MAY-POLE DANCE and DANCE OF THE LOVERS. "Bluff King Hal."

The Walla Walla Symphony Orchestra
Edgar Fischer, Conductor

PERSONS IN THE MASQUE

QUEEN OF THE MAY	Miss Hazel Holt
MERCURY	Mr. H. H. Turner
MAIA	Mrs. E. S. Isaacs
PROSERPINE	Miss Zilla Simpson
PLUTO	Mr. William Metz
CERES	Miss Eula Grandberry
JUPITER	Mr. Elmer Storie

THE HOSTS OF OLYMPUS

JUNO	Miss Ruth Kent
MINERVA	Miss Clara Quinn
APOLLO	Mr. Harry McGrun
DIANA	Mrs. Porter Garnett
VENUS	Mrs. Art Harris
CUPID	Master Stephen Penrose, Jr.
NEPTUNE	Mr. W. D. Lyman
MARS	Mr. William Sterling
VULCAN	Mr. L. F. Anderson

Companions of Proserpine, Seeds, Gods and Goddesses,
Fruits, Grains, Flowers.

PERSONS IN THE REVELS

LORD OF THE MAY	Mr. Cushing Baker
A HERALD	Mr. Joseph Taylor
THE MAYOR	Mr. A. J. Gillis

SHERWOOD FORESTERS

ROBIN HOOD	Mr. Guy Allen Turner
MAID MARIAN	Mrs. Dallas Garred
WILL SCARLET	Mr. Robert Norton
LITTLE JOHN	Mr. William A. Reynolds
FRIAR TUCK	Mr. Starr Sherman
ALLEN A DALE	Mr. Douglas Martin
CALLER OF THE DANCE	Mr. J. L. Barrett
THE PIG	Himself

Villagers, Milkmaids, Archers, Athletes, Mayers.

GROUPS

COMPANIONS OF PROSERPINE

Jessie Kellough	Mary Walker
Phoebe Blalock	Irene Gross
Helen Harvey	Thelma Lasater
Blanche Mitchell	Maud Baumann
Helen Odell	Mary Gordon
Jessie Baltezore	Esther Eiffert
Dorothea Starrett	Edna Cornwell
Eleanor Sweeney	Margaret Pettijohn
Doris Root	Camilla Dunlap
Vera Root	Priscilla Taylor
Grace Spanagle	Aura Ely
Jennie Kelly	Velma Rothrock
Myrtle Bond	Altai Bashore
Maysie Penrose	Nora Frasier
Frances Penrose	Goldie Boylan
Amy Brown	Elsie Lane
Marion Hackett	Carilyn Churchman
Gladys Storer	Myrtle Falk
Jean Jaycox	Claudia Lewis
Artemesia Cornwell	Lillian Pierce
Esther MacDonald	Gladys Reavis
Hazel Toye	Edith Smith
Marion Drumheller	May Stack
Bessie Brooks	Delia Fertig

GODS AND GODDESSES

Gertrude Brandt	Earl Kennedy
Gertrude Goodspeed	Homer Shull
Cornelia Ingram	Cecil Jones
Edna Hill	Stanley Sayres
Florence Lilliequist	Lloyd Hazelton
Jessie Cunningham	Clarence Churchman
Gisla Elliott	Valentine Hoffman
Marguerite Whitney	William Berney
Clara Timm	Edison Botts
Ida Timm	Porter Garnett

SEEDS, FRUITS, FLOWERS and GRAINS

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

Lillie Martin	Anna Lyons
Maxine Riley	Clare O'Rourke
Lelah Byrne	Minnie Perry
Mary Smith	Adele Charrier
Helen Davis	Mary Lux

GREEN PARK SCHOOL

Murray Ifft	Dolly VanPatten
John Langdon	Marjorie Sauze
Beryl Cox	Dollie Katzer
Amos Spencer	Frances Johnson
Albert Mayfield	Dorothy Simpson
Dale Simpson	Dorothy Krushnie
Louis Crawford	Gwendolyn Abbey
Ward Miller	Geneva Watt
Ronald Bangs	Gertrude Hill
Tom Drumheller	May Mills

SHARPSTEIN SCHOOL

Jack McFeeley	Beatrice Wilbur
Bernard Lehrer	Pauline Quinn
Wallace Kelso	Sibyl Malcolm
Edwin Beyer	Audrey Harvey
Harry Johnson	Vivian Hill
Lee McMurtrey	Ireta Good
John Clingan	Virginia Funk
Joseph Bond	Eleanor Ely
Horton Bennett	Gwendolyn McMahon
Albert Buffum	Jessie Lasater

BAKER SCHOOL

Burton Johnson	Ruby Parris
Byron Blatt	Dorothy Moore
Carl Connell	Ida Rosen
Robert Britton	Lucile Durman
Robert Bean	Hattie Gatchell

LINCOLN SCHOOL

Perry Lyons	Harvey Stoller
Jacob Riehl	Norman Stademaler
Edwin Dormaier	Roy Fraser
Paul Reed	Irwin Gootwig
George Miller	George Brehm

WASHINGTON SCHOOL

Harold Majohnier	Lucy Stafford
Herbert Waddingham	Nylene Brown
Gus Harris	Jessie Young
Gerald Meckleson	Gevenneth Jackson
Donald Church	Geraldine McEvoy

VILLAGERS

Marion Beardsley	Ella Copeland
Lila Sutherland	June Hume
Helen Caten	Emily Abbott
Julia Ayers	Ruth Darrow
Lulu Paul	Florence Wills
Margaret Ryan	Frances Burnham
Maud Still	Margaret Paddock
Marie Durry	Floy Ramsdell
Edna Lorton	Lottie Prendergast

Anna Fitzgerald	R. G. Sturdivant
Elizabeth Fitzgerald	George Stack
Anna Pauly	Carl Hubley
Harriet Ekersley	J. E. Heath
Gertrude Storer	R. H. Clark
Lucile McIntyre	R. E. Stafford
L. R. Quilliam	H. R. Jennings
Harry Paxton	Albert Loringer
John Paxton	Henry Filer
Clarence Jones	Newton Barrett
Ford Dwyer	Lyle Henton
Thomas Steele	Silas Gaiser
Albert Muntinga	Paul Gaiser
C. M. Ledgerwood	Everett Kripe
Bruce Painter	W. H. Thomas

ARCHERS

E. R. Ruby	Marcus McCoy
Harold Crampton	Glen Bean
Ralph Emerson	Philip Hawley
Harper Joy	Raleigh Sargent
John Barnett	Walter Evans
Ben Peterson	Charles Emigh
Ralph Harrison	Everell Catron
Earl Smith	Harold Barnett
Cecil McKinney	William Hooper
J. K. Pearce	Everett Croxdale
George Clark	Selkirk Norton
Newman Clark	Herbert Kimball
Bruce Clingan	Virgil Argo
Raymond Copeland	Harry Magrun
George Sumerindyke	Paul Kent
Merton McGrew	Thomas Romine

MILKMAIDS

Ethel Cornwell	Marie Rust
May Stanhope	Ethel Larson
Doris Morley	Pauline Muntinga
Jessie Drumheller	Eleanor Sickles
Mary Graham	Mamie Stellmon
Marjorie Bloyd	Flossie Dell
Mary O'Neil	Marie Miller
Margery Wilkinson	

MAY-POLE CREWS

Roy Kinchloe	Thomas Kinnerman
Lester Barrett	Lyle Burdin
Harold Hayden	Otto Broxon
Herman Timms	George Cram
Robert Pence	Phil Huffman
Asa Purdy	George Pendler
Howard Breacht	Ernest Melton
Arthur Neisnauger	

A PAGEANT OF MAY

PART I

THE MASQUE OF PROSERPINE

SCENE—*The Village Green.* The flowers are in bloom, and the trees, of which there are many, are in full leaf for it is the month of May and spring has nursed the leaves from their tender infancy to the glory of vigorous youth. The trees farthest away shut in the Green, but permit, here and there, a glimpse of distant mountains, tinted a deeper blue than the sky above their crests. In the center of the Green is a small lake crossed by a causeway. Near this stands a canopied dais, covered with greens, which has been erected by the folk of the village in anticipation of the May Festival, soon to take place. On the dais are two rustic thrones for the use of the Queen and the Lord of the May.

Music is heard. When this has continued for some time, a maiden enters near the dais. She is clad in the gala dress of a villager. She looks about with evident pleasure. As she approaches the dais, she claps her hands with delight; then, mounting it spryly, she sits on one of the thrones, exhibiting every sign of joy. Finally she descends and walks slowly forward, still looking about her. As the music ceases she speaks.

QUEEN OF THE MAY

This is the green,
And yonder is my throne—
My throne, whereon, this day,
I'll reign as queen—
Queen of the May!
Yes, I alone
Shall rule, for I am queen—
Queen of the May!
Queen of the May!

The May-lord by my side shall be,
But what is he?
My vassal like the rest,
Obedient to my sway,
Whatever my behest.
I'll have a royal mien
When I am queen—
Queen of the May.

They chose me queen, and bade
Me don my Sunday gown,
And sit me down
And wait
Beside my garden gate,
Till every lad and maid
Had from the woods returned,
With flowers and branches green
For me, their queen.

But how could I thus bide
And patient be?
To see my throne I yearned,
The Green I longed to see.
And so I stole away.
And hither came. They'll chide
I know, but I am free
To have my will today,
For I am Queen of May.

How slowly creep the hours!
The good sun moves how slow!
The timid flowers,
By Winter chased away,
Have heard the song of Spring,
And dare once more to blow.
To everyone they bring
The message to be gay,
For 't is the month of May.
The birds now sweetly sing;
Heed what they say—
" 'T is May; be gay! Be gay; 't is May!"

THE MASQUE OF PROSERPINE

Last night I slept no wink;
I could do naught but think
Upon the happy morrow,
And from my fancy borrow
That which I'll ne'er repay.
The morrow's now today,
And I am Queen of May.

How heavy grow my eyes!
I fain would sleep.
I'll rest me here; their cries,
Though I should slumber deep,
Will wake me—If some dream
Should pass this way.....
'Twill be a happy dream today,
For this... is May.....
I am Queen of May

She falls asleep. MERCURY darts suddenly into view. He wears a winged cap, and wings are attached to his feet. Over his short white tunic he wears a chlamys of bright blue, fastened with a clasp on the shoulder. In his hand he carries his golden caduceus or wand, around which are coiled two serpents. He approaches swiftly, pausing now and then to look about as if to make sure that he is alone. Suddenly seeing the sleeping maiden he shows surprise. He then approaches her on tip-toe.

MERCURY

Ho, ho! What have me here? By Jove!
A maiden napping in my grove.
I have a mind to let this mortal see
A first-class god called Mercury.

MERCURY waves his caduceus over the maiden and she slowly wakes. Seeing MERCURY, who strikes a polite attitude with his hat raised, she shows astonishment.

QUEEN OF THE MAY

Why, who or what are you?

MERCURY

Who? I?
Why I'm the god called Mercur-i.

Another rhyme and I would be
Not Mercur-i but Mercur-ee.
See you these wings upon my feet?
A human aeroplane you greet.
And this is my caduce—caduce—
Deuce take the word!—caduce-eus!
I'm qualifying for Parnassus,
This Paris model's my petasus.
But who are you, may I inquire,
And why this festival attire?

QUEEN OF THE MAY

They call me Hazel, but, today,
I am to be the Queen of May.

MERCURY

Ha, ha! The Queen of May indeed!
I'll tell you something odd—gave heed!
This month that you call May was named
For my mamma. She's rather famed
For beauty, too—just like her son—
I'll introduce you, little one.
Her name's Maia, M-a-i-a
(Long since corrupted into "May").
She's over yonder 'mong those trees,
Teaching a class of honey-bees.
I'll call her. Ho! Come, mother dear,
There's someone wants to meet you here.

MAIA appears at a little distance, whence she advances to the others. She wears a pale blue mantle over a white robe. She is decked with garlands and her fair hair is crowned with flowers.

MERCURY

(Taking off his hat and bowing)

Permit me. May I have the honor?
This is my mother. Look upon her,
Mortal maid, with all your eyes,
And fail not your good luck to prize,
For I will lay you any odds,

THE MASQUE OF PROSERPINE

You ne'er before gazed on two gods.
And mother, may I now present
This maiden who a compliment
To you is paying here, today,
By reigning as the Queen of May.

MAIA

My child, although unwittingly you pay
A tribute to the mother of the May,
Maia grateful is, and with her kiss
Bestows on you the gift of earthly bliss.
Here, take this blossom from Elysian Fields,
A magic potency in love it wields.
For he to whom you give this flower shall bless
Your life with faithful love and happiness.

PROSERPINE suddenly appears on the farther side of
the lake. She is clad in white and carries a green scarf
which she waves as if beckoning to someone to follow her.

MERCURY

I say! Look there! See yonder lass?
That's Proserpine; ain't she the class!
She's Ceres' kid. There's not a chance
To skin her at a song and dance.
Come, sit down here; its nice and warm;
Perhaps she's going to perform.

The QUEEN OF THE MAY and MAIA sit down on the mound and MERCURY stretches himself comfortably on the grass beside them. A joyous band of maidens runs into view. They are clad in garments of various delicate colors, and carry scarfs of many bright hues which are waved about or stream after them as they run. Following the maidens come a multitude of tiny creatures all in brown. Their bodies are spherical and on their heads they have caps of the same form. These are the Seeds. PROSERPINE, followed by her companions and the Seeds now troop across the causeway over the lake. Reaching the Green, PROSERPINE and the maidens begin picking the flowers that grow on the sward, dancing as they do so with rhythmical movements to the accompaniment of a gracious melody.

THE DANCE OF THE COMPANIONS OF PROSERPINE

In her search for blossoms PROSERPINE gradually moves forward and away from the others. The Seeds, meanwhile, take positions along the rim of the lake. As the dance continues, PROSERPINE'S companions move farther and farther away until they reach the causeway again. The music now takes on a more sprightly character, and the Seeds, running forward, dance merrily on the Green.

THE DANCE OF THE SEEDS

During this the companions of PROSERPINE are seen to move away, waving their many-colored scarfs and finally disappearing in the direction whence they came. PROSERPINE, unaware of their departure, continues to move about and gather flowers from the grass. The Seeds, having finished their dance, take their positions again on the rim of the lake, and PROSERPINE, pausing with her arms full of flowers, sings.

PROSERPINE'S SONG

(Words by Shelley. Music specially composed by Elias Blum, Professor of Music, Whitman College).

Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth,
Thou from whose immortal bosom,
Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew
Thou dost nourish these young flowers
Till they grow, in scent and hue,
Fairest children of the hours,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

When PROSERPINE ends her song, she begins once more to move about and gather flowers. Finally, seeing at a little distance a beautiful narcissus, she runs toward it and, stooping, plucks it from its stem. As she does so the sound of galloping horses is heard. Apprehension seizes her.

THE MASQUE OF PROSERPINE

She looks about in alarm. Seeing that her companions have departed, she is overcome by fear and starts to run. A red chariot now appears driven by a charioteer of sinister mien and drawn by black horses at full speed. In the chariot stands PLUTO. He wears a black tunic and over this a scarlet mantle. On his head is a golden crown. Upon the appearance of PLUTO, the Seeds scamper away in confusion and disappear as if swallowed up by the earth. The chariot of the god overtakes PROSERPINE just as her strength fails her and she falls to the ground, dropping as she does so her golden girdle. The charioteer draws rein, PLUTO steps from the car, picks PROSERPINE up in his arms, mounts the chariot with her, the charioteer lashes his steeds, and the chariot dashes away and disappears.

MERCURY

Ho, ho! Poor Prossy's pinched by Pluto!
My word! but isn't he the brute-o!
Won't Ceres tear her hair! I say!
This is a lively month of May!
She—sh!—there she comes, mad through
and through,
Now let us see what she will do.

As MERCURY speaks CERES is seen to enter. She wears a dark blue mantle over a corn-colored robe with a border design in green. She comes forward rapidly displaying agitation. Pausing finally she wrings her hands in despair.

CERES

O Proserpine!....What meant that anguished cry
That, borne upon the wings of Auster, pierced
My mother heart, and brought me swiftly here?
What meant that hurtling chariot which, like
An eagle holding in its dreadful claws
A dove, flew straight toward Tartarus? Great Jove,
With lightnings hurled from high Olympus, stay
The course of him who stole my child away!

Here her girdle lies. O Proserpine,
My little one, come back into these aching arms!

Too late. Cimmerian darkness folds her now,
As woe enfolds my heart.....But know, O Pluto,
Ceres, in her godly wrath, can be
As terrible as thou! Heed, then! Until
The blackened gates of Dis shall be unbarred,
And Proserpine, with flowers springing neath
Her dancing feet, shall bring abundance to
The world once more, this dreadful curse upon
The earth I lay. List, then, O gods, to Ceres!

(Note.—For the curse of Ceres a poetry competition, open to all the residents of Walla Walla Valley, was instituted. The judges, Mr. W. M. Kern, City Superintendent of Schools; Professor Ralph Boas of the English Department, Whitman College; Miss Elizabeth Burroughs of the English Department, Walla Walla High School; and the master of the pageant, by a unanimous vote selected the following lines by Miss S. Elizabeth Sloanaker.)

O thankless Earth, recipient of my care!
Ungrateful soil, thus to requite my love!
You, whom I have so generously endowed
With great fertility, with herbage clothed,
No more shall you my favors sweet receive.
Yea, since you have permitted Pluto thus
To carry to his darksome underworld
The fairest flower of all, Proserpina,
I curse you with sterility, with drought,
With famine, with foul pestilence and death!
Turn sear and brown, ye grains and grasses all!
Wither, ye olive orchards and ye vines!
Fade, all ye flowers, and where once you grew,
Let brambles rank and thistles now abound!
And, when again this soil man shall upturn,
His plow shall break when through the furrow forced,
The birds shall steal his seed, the sun burn dry
The few poor struggling blades, and later still
Shall come the devastating, greedy flood.
So shall you feel my vengeance and repent.

As she ceases speaking CERES covers her head with her great blue mantle and sinking to the ground weeps silently. Now in the distance the glorious train of the gods is seen approaching. At the head, in a golden chariot drawn by white horses, are JUPITER and JUNO. JUPITER, robed in white and gold and purple, carries in one hand a thunder-bolt. A wreath of olive surrounds his golden crown.

THE MASQUE OF PROSERPINE

JUNO is clad in yellow, with a peacock-colored mantle held with a golden clasp on the shoulder and drawn across her figure. She wears a golden fillet in her hair. After the chariot of JUPITER come the other gods. MINERVA, bronze-helmeted, blue mantled, the aegis on her breast, a spear in her hand. APOLLO, crowned with gleaming rays; a golden chlamys falls from his shoulders; he carries in his hand a golden bow. DIANA walks free-limbed in dark green. She too carries a bow. A crescent moon shines on her brow. MARS, in breastplate and helmet, wears a cloak and carries a great spear. NEPTUNE'S mantle is of the color of the sea. He wears a silver crown and carries a trident. VULCAN, who wears a brown tunic and a conical cap of the same color, bears on his shoulder a heavy hammer. VENUS is clad in robes of pale rose-color. In her hair are roses and myrtle. CUPID runs by her side with his golden bow and quiver filled with golden darts. After these come the lesser gods and goddesses and also the companions of PROSERPINE. The procession approaches until it reaches the dais. JUPITER and JUNO descend from their chariot and the latter takes her place on one of the thrones. JUPITER remains standing by her side. The other gods and goddesses and the companions of PROSERPINE take positions on either side of the dais.

JUPITER

At my command a council of the gods
Within this Vale of Enna has been called.
Our sister, Ceres, of her child bereft
By crafty Pluto, has, in wrath and grief,
Ordained this day that, until Proserpine
Is to her arms returned, in all the world
No seed shall spring, no leaf or flower unfold.
See, yonder where she sits in grief bowed low.
Come hither, sister, yield you not to tears.
Will you not trust my power and my love?

CERES rises slowly and, approaching the dais, stands proudly before the assembled gods.

JUPITER

Despair not, Ceres. Pluto knows full well
That Jove is mightier than he. To his

Dark realm will I despatch without delay
Fleet Mercury, who this command shall bear:
Proserpina must be returned or I,
With fiery bolt shall cleave the crust of earth,
Dry up the floods of Styx and Acheron,
And spread unto Appolo's gleaming rays
The barren meads of Erebus. What ho!
Ho, Mercury! Be swift when Jove commands!

MERCURY

The boss is in an awful temper
'T is ever thus. Yes, *sic est semper*.
I must be off. Good-bye, dear mater.
Excuse me, miss, I'll see you later.

(*He runs to the dais.*)

JUPITER

Go! This mandate bear to Pluto. Say
It is my will that Proserpine returns.

MERCURY *darts off in the direction taken by PLUTO and disappears. The companions of PROSERPINE follow and, forming in a group near the place where he vanished, sing the following Hymn of Joy:*

With tender buds and grasses green,
And hills and vales in splendor seen,
The grateful signs of Springtime come,
And Proserpine with all her train
Returneth to the world again,
Exultant, exultant to her home.

Welcome, welcome, husbandman's deliverer!
Welcome, welcome, crowner of his industry!
Unto you let all now render praise,
Praise for gracious ministry!

With tender buds, etc.

Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Proserpine!
Hail! Hail! Proserpine!
Hail! Hail! Hail! Proserpine! Hail! Hail!

THE MASQUE OF PROSERPINE

As the hymn ends the ranks of the companions of PROSERPINE divide, and MERCURY runs in followed by the chariot of PLUTO in which are PLUTO and PROSERPINE. As the chariot proceeds toward the dais, the companions of PROSERPINE dance after it throwing flowers at its occupants. When the car reaches the dais PROSERPINE descends, runs to CERES and embraces her.

(Proserpine sings again the Shelley song, her companions repeating each of the two stanzas in chorus.)

When the song ends PLUTO who has remained in his chariot raises his hand and speaks.

PLUTO

Now hear me, gods! The wish of mighty Jove
I have obeyed. But I, too, am a god,
And godly powers are mine. Know then that, ere
Proserpina, my queen, came forth from those
Black halls of gloom where Death and I abide,
Four seeds of pomgranate she was lured
To eat. For each of these, one month—four months
In all—must she, each year, my consort be,
And reign among the shades of Tartarus.

JUPITER

Ceres, you have heard. Proserpine
Is to your arms returned. But Pluto's queen
Is she.... Nay 't is my will. Mark you! Each year,
When earth's great golden robe of grain
Is shed, as one, preparing him for rest,
Lays by a garment, then shall Proserpine
Descend and take her place upon a throne
By Pluto's side. But when the myriad seeds
Begin to waken from their winter's sleep,
And stir with Springtime's promise, then shall she
Forth issue from the gloomy vales of Dis
To bless you with her love. Therefore I do
Command you now—remove the curse, and cause
The earth to smile with verdure once again!

All now gather round the dais, leaving CERES standing alone near the rim of the lake. Extending her arms she invokes the growing things of earth to return.

CERES

Buds and grasses, flower and vine,
Violet, daisy, columbine,
Greet your mistress, Proserpine!

Wheat and barley, oats and corn,
Clothe again a world forlorn!
Be ye in this hour reborn!

Apple, cherry, peach and plum,
Hear the honey-bees that hum.
Ceres calls you. Come, oh come!

Ceres calls - Come
Come, for joy must reign today!
Come, for all the world is gay!
Come, for this glorious May!

This will be a good day
As CERES begins speaking green leaf-buds are seen slowly to emerge from the ground. Then, as she continues, tiny leaf-clad figures appear as if issuing from the earth and, running forward, dance merrily on the green. As the dance progresses, the leafy garments fall away, revealing the dancers as flowers, fruits, and grain.

THE DANCE OF THE FRUITS AND FLOWERS

At the end of the dance JUPITER and JUNO descend from the dais and enter their chariot. Led by CERES and PROSERPINE and PROSERPINE'S companions, the gods of Olympus proceed around the Green in a many-colored pageant, passing in their progress the place where the QUEEN OF THE MAY sits by MAIA'S side, gazing with wondering eyes at the spectacle. When the procession has almost passed, MERCURY runs forward and, stealing up behind the QUEEN OF THE MAY, waves his caduceus over her. She, thereupon, falls asleep. The last of the divinities to pass is VENUS, leading CUPID by the hand. As they approach the place where the QUEEN OF THE MAY lies asleep, CUPID pulls his hand away from his mother's, runs forward and, dropping on one knee, lets fly a golden arrow at the sleeping girl. He then scampers off, laughing, after VENUS.

THE MASQUE OF PROSERPINE

MERCURY

Ho, ho! Good shot! She's done for now.
I wonder who'll make her his frau?
Come, mother, let's go where it's cosier,
I'm dying for some fried ambrosia.

(Addressing the spectators)

Good people, old as well as young,
Our story's told, our song is sung.
For your endurance take our thanks,
And come again to see our pranks.
This maiden here, by Cupid shot,
Is much in love, but knows it not.
When she wakes up you'll see what haps,
And who's the luckiest of chaps.
And now, with thanks too great to tell,
Remember Mercury. Farewell!

MERCURY runs swiftly after the retreating gods whom MAIA has already joined. The procession passes over the causeway and finally disappears in the distance, leaving the Green empty except for the QUEEN OF THE MAY who remains asleep beside the grassy mound.

END OF PART I.

INTERLUDE

PART II

THE REVELS OF MAY

Sounds of shouts and laughter are heard and on the farther side of the lake a company of young village folk in gala attire is seen approaching. They carry greens and flowers. When they reach the Green some of them form a circle and dance around a youth more richly dressed than the others. All except the youth—who is the LORD OF THE MAY—then go to the dais and begin to deck it with greens and flowers. The LORD OF THE MAY now comes forward and, seeing the sleeping maiden, runs toward her and shakes her sharply but not roughly. The QUEEN OF THE MAY wakes.

LORD OF THE MAY

So here you are. We've hunted everywhere and could not find you. We thought that you'd been stolen.

QUEEN OF THE MAY

What, stolen? I? Oh, no, 'twas Proserpine was stolen. But Jupiter made Pluto bring her back, and Ceres made the flowers dance for joy. (*Looking at flower she holds in her hand*) But where's Maia? And where is Mercury?

LORD OF THE MAY

Maia? Mercury? You must have lost your wits!

QUEEN OF THE MAY

Why—why—they were right here just now. Maia gave me this flower. She said it came from the Elysian Fields.

LORD OF THE MAY

It's like no flower I know. May I not have it for my hat?

QUEEN OF THE MAY

No, no. Who takes this flower—so she who gave it said—shall be my husband.

LORD OF THE MAY

Then give it me inverideed. Not for my hat, but for my heart.

QUEEN OF THE MAY

You are too bold, sir. Come. See, all the boys and girls have gone to greet the mayor. We must be ready. Come.

The young people, having finished decorating the dais, run to the farther side of the Green, beyond the lake. The QUEEN and the LORD OF THE MAY take their positions in front of the dais.

Now in the midst of the villagers, on the far side of the Green, the HERALD, in red and yellow and wearing a tabbard, appears and blows a blast on his trumpet. From the same place the MAYOR and his escort enter. Led by the HERALD and followed by the villagers, singing a May-song without accompaniment, the MAYOR and his escort proceed to the dais. The QUEEN and the LORD OF THE MAY take their places on the throne and the MAYOR addresses the assemblage.

(Address by the MAYOR).

The MAYOR concludes his address by conferring their titles upon the QUEEN and the LORD OF THE MAY, and crowns the queen with a wreath of flowers.

QUEEN OF THE MAY

My people, I, Queen of May, command you to lay aside all care, and whosoever hath envy or malice in his heart, I bid him straightway cast it out that in his heart good will and fellowship may find a place. It is my royal will that on this day you should be happy, for this is May, the happiest month in all the year. Be gay, therefore, but bear in mind that gaiety is oft times thoughtless. Unlike true joy it springs not from the inner spirit. It is true joy, then, I wish you all to know—true joy and perfect happiness.

LORD OF THE MAY

You have heard your gracious queen. She has put upon you her command to be joyful. See to it that you obey her. Be gay and rejoice! rejoice that May is here, bringing with her, in springing grass and blossoming bough, the promise of abundance! Rejoice and make merry, ye tillers of the soil, for Nature has given her pledge to reward your labor! Rejoice, ye people of the town, for as the husbandman shall prosper so shall ye! Rejoice, then, one and all, and give your service to the commonweal that ye may dwell in peace and plenty. Now let the sports begin. Sir Herald, a blast upon your trumpet to call who will to join us. But, first, a song, and for our queen a cheer.

All cheer, led by the LORD OF THE MAY, after which the villagers sing, "Give to Our Ladye, Our Ladye so Fair."
The song ended, the LORD OF THE MAY rises.

LORD OF THE MAY

And now a dance! Let's have a dance!

The villagers run to the center of the Green and dance an old-fashioned quadrille. One among them—an old man—calls the changes. When the dance is ended the dancers withdraw and dispose themselves around the Green. At a sign from the QUEEN OF THE MAY the HERALD sounds a blast on his trumpet. It is answered by a horn call in the distance.

HERALD

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! The hunter's horn rings in the wood. Comes now, brave Robin Hood and all his merrie men. Give way for Robin Hood!

A march is played and a company of men in green appears on the farther side of the lake. They carry bows and have quivers at their shoulders. Some of them carry bright-colored targets. Leading them are ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, WILL SCARLET, MAID MARIAN, ALLEN-ADALE, and FRIAR TUCK. LITTLE JOHN has a dog at leash and FRIAR TUCK carries a small pig under his arm. When the company reaches the Green ROBIN HOOD and his principal companions bow before the QUEEN OF THE MAY who

greets them standing. The archers salute by raising their bows above their heads. ROBIN HOOD steps forward and sings, with a chorus of archers, "The Ballad of Robin Hood." He makes a sign and the men carrying targets run across the Green and place them in position. They return to their places and a contest in archery takes place. ROBIN HOOD takes a bow from one of his men and, mounting the dais, proffers it to the LORD OF THE MAY. Together they descend to the Green and shoot against one another. The LORD OF THE MAY misses the target and his discomfiture is greeted with laughter. ROBIN HOOD runs to the throne of the QUEEN OF THE MAY and, kneeling before her, is crowned the victor. At this point FRIAR TUCK's pig gets away from him and he pursues it around the Green, lifting his monk's robe to his knees in order that he may run the faster.

A group of milkmaids, carrying pails, now enters. Running to the center of the Green they begin to dance a round dance. They are interrupted, however, by FRIAR TUCK who forces his way through the circle and begins to dance an improvised jig. The milkmaids regard him with amusement, laughing gayly and keeping time with his dancing by clapping their hands. The QUEEN and the LORD OF THE MAY draw near the group and ROBIN HOOD and some of his companions do likewise. FRIAR TUCK, complacently absorbed in his occupation, finally waddles forward out of the circle. ROBIN HOOD takes the QUEEN OF THE MAY for his partner, the LORD OF THE MAY takes MAID MARIAN, the other members of ROBIN HOOD's band each take a milkmaid and all join in dancing the Roger de Coverly. FRIAR TUCK now runs up and takes the partner of one of the archers, aiming a vigorous kick at the man in green as he drives him off. During the dance FRIAR TUCK insists upon trying to kiss his partner despite her remonstrances. She finally escapes, but he pursues her, running in and out among the other dancers. At the end of the dance, the QUEEN and the LORD OF THE MAY return to their thrones. The milkmaids and ROBIN HOOD and his men sit down or lie on the grass at one side of the Green. At a sign from the QUEEN OF THE MAY the HERALD steps forward and sounds a blast on his trumpet.

HERALD

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! Come now the men

of sinew, skilled in feats of strength. Attention for the sports!

Several groups of athletes enter and contend in wrestling, tug-of-war and other athletic exercises.

At a sign from the QUEEN OF THE MAY the HERALD steps forward and blows a blast on his trumpet.

HERALD

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! Come now the May-poles! Make ye way! Make ye way! the May-poles come!

A march is played and a group of men dressed as villagers appears on the farther side of the lake. With them is a horse decked with greens and flowers and drawing a long pole. The bright-colored decorations for the top of the pole are seen on the horse's shoulders and attached to these are long streamers of many colors which are held like reins by one of the men who walks behind. A second group of the same character with another pole follows the first. When they reach the Green the two groups take positions at the right and left, and prepare to erect the poles. When all is in readiness, the HERALD blows a blast on his trumpet, and each group vies with the other in getting its pole in position in the shorter time. When the poles are in place, the HERALD blows another blast, the QUEEN OF THE MAY stands up and with a gesture summons the victors. They approach the throne and on the neck of each the QUEEN OF THE MAY places a garland. Two men—one from each group—take off their jackets, the decorations for the tops of the poles are fastened to their belts, and, with their backs to one another, they prepare to climb the poles. They begin when the HERALD sounds his trumpet. When they reach the tops of the poles they put the decorations in place.....Each vies with the other in accomplishing this and reaching the ground again in the shorter time. The victor is summoned to the throne and receives a crown from the QUEEN OF THE MAY. Two dances are now formed around the May-poles, and all the people on the Green, except the MAYOR and his escort, join in a general dance, which becomes livelier and livelier as it progresses. Finally the QUEEN and the LORD OF THE MAY are seen to emerge from the rest, dancing together.

THE DANCE OF THE LOVERS

They dance forward, and, in pantomime, the LORD OF THE MAY makes love to the QUEEN. She holds Maia's flower tantalizingly toward him and he tries to take it from her. She dances away from him and he pursues her. He falls on one knee and holds out his arms toward her. This continues until, again falling on one knee he seizes her hand. She turns away from him for a moment and then impulsively holds the flower toward him. The LORD OF THE MAY seizes it and, springing to his feet, turns toward the dancers with his hands held high above his head. The music ceases. All stop dancing and turn in his direction.

LORD OF THE MAY

Good friends!.... Good friends, give heed! With this sweet flower of May your queen has given me another, sweeter still—the flower of her heart. Come with us, one and all, the banns must be published.

QUEEN OF THE MAY

Maia, goddess of the May
Gave me my happiness today.
Believe in her and she will do,
I'm very sure, as much for you.

The LORD OF THE MAY puts his arm around her waist, kisses her, and, together, they dance away followed by all the rest. In this wise they circle the Green and joined by all the gods and goddesses and the Seeds and Flowers who appeared to the QUEEN OF THE MAY in her vision. The whole company finally crosses the causeway and stream off in a richly colored pageant.

THE END.

AUG 24 1968

Gaylord

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